BROUGHT TO YOU BY
WE NEED MORE YANKIIS
TRANSLATED BY
BOWLING
TRANSLATION CHECK BY
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DISCORD:
Discord.gg/mnadMa4

SCENE.

42

Clothes button

...but something's strange.

Or rather, it comes off...

I wanted to take my blouse off, but the button won't come off...

Huh?! What?!

ｶﾞﾁｬ

Hey!

Help!

The others are...

Any others?

There we go!

Ah, a loose thread got wrapped up around the button...

Alright...

Ah, I see.

Really weird, yeah!

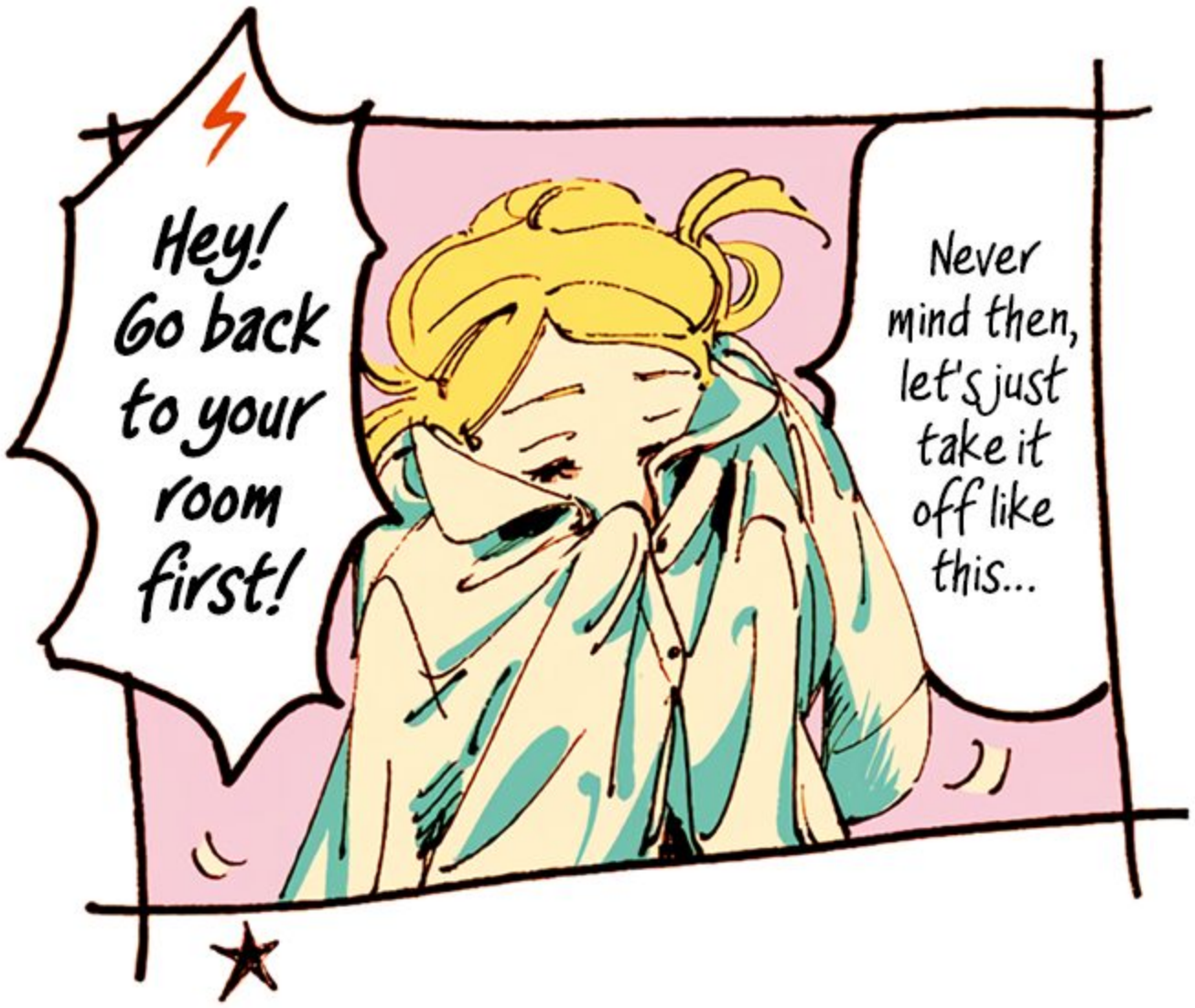
Are they weird?

The buttons...

Hm?

What's that?

Really, what's that...?


Hey! Go back to your room first!
Never mind then, let's just take it off like this...

Veil
2,2|0|0|
Jan.!
MILK

208
1002

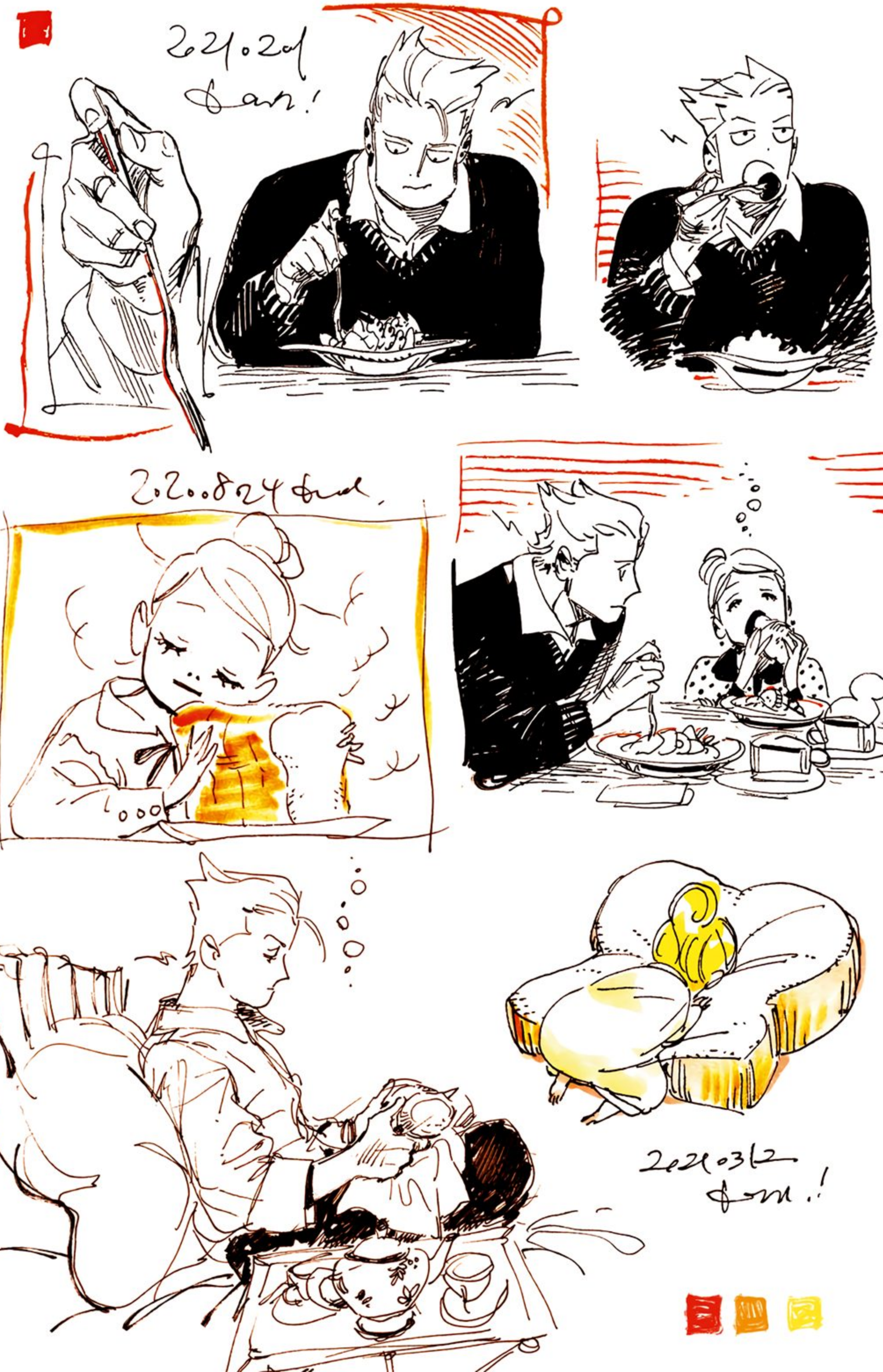
Barely anyone knows about it these days, but there is a hole in the wall
of the corridor facing the stairs leading to the station's ticket office,
as if someone took a bite out of it.
To hide it, we had the idea to hang up a painting,
that we regularly change (using amateur art, for the most part.)
From time to time, a couple stops in front of it.

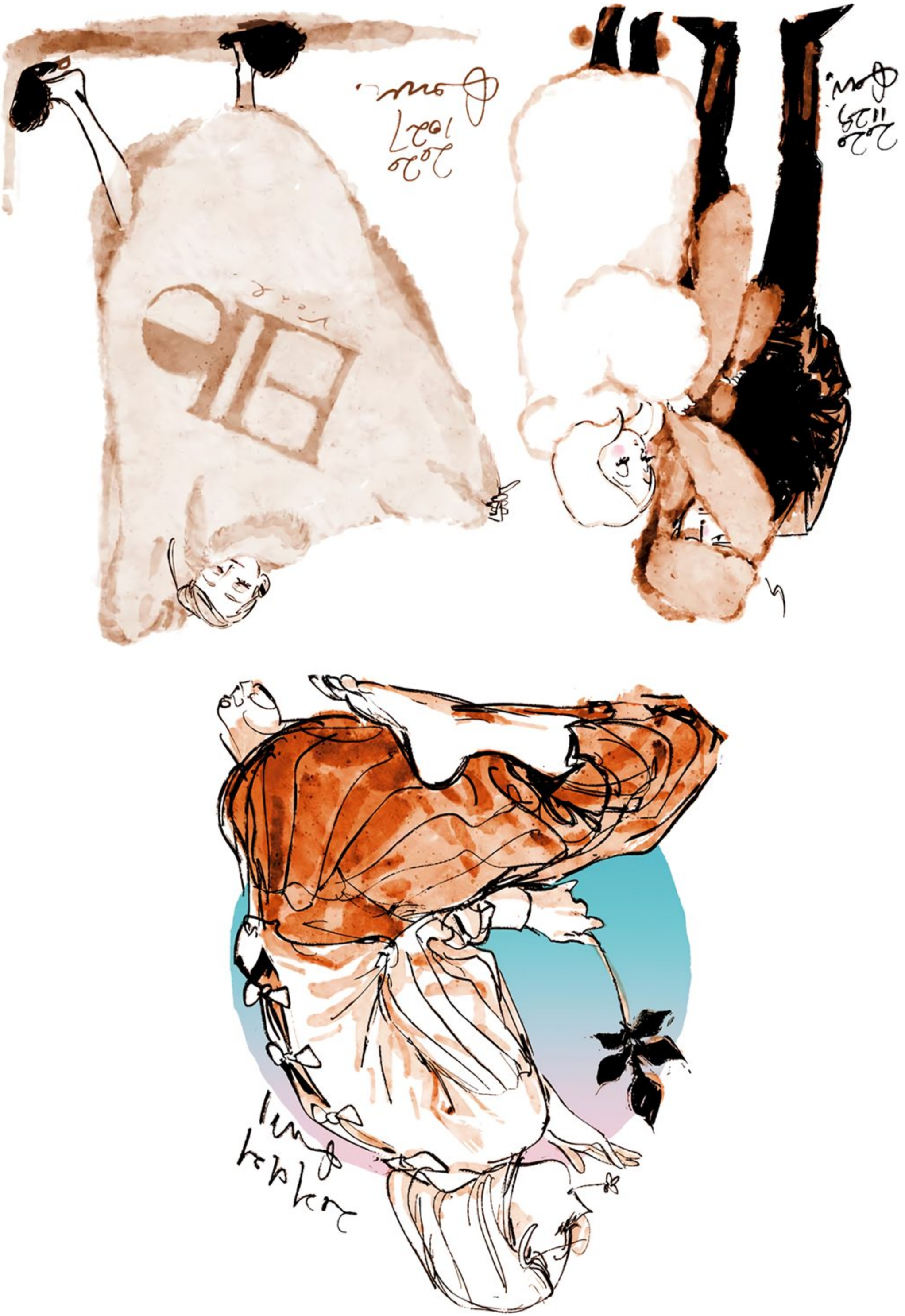
And here they go, for five or even ten minutes,
talking about how the texture is coarse,
how the colours are cloudy like steam. Observations far from
a critic's…
Sometimes, they even strike the same poses as the characters on the canvas,
completely indifferent to onlookers' gazes,
as if those could not even reach them.

The painting that is currently up is actually one showing
a young couple in elegant clothing during a ball.
Ah, it appears the art critique session has ended.
According to what they are saying as they disappear into the crowd (I have an acute sense of hearing)...
They will imitate the dance once they are back home.
I am a little disappointed...
I had planned on giving them a spotlight.

Mr. lamp's monologue

"The white station"
When the lamp up above is killing time

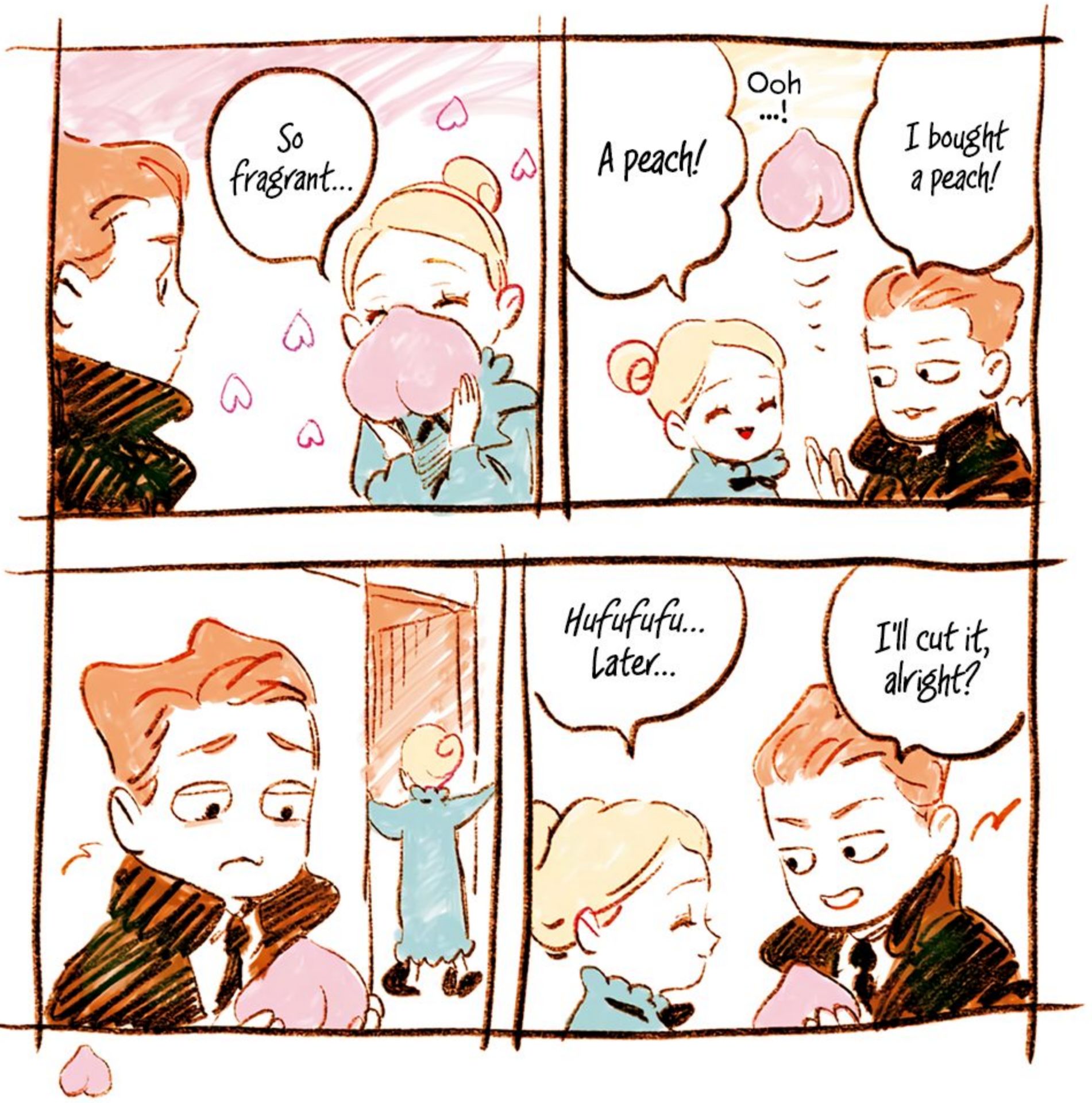

2021.02
Jan!
2020.824 Jan.
2021.312
Jan.!



2022
10 21 Bm!

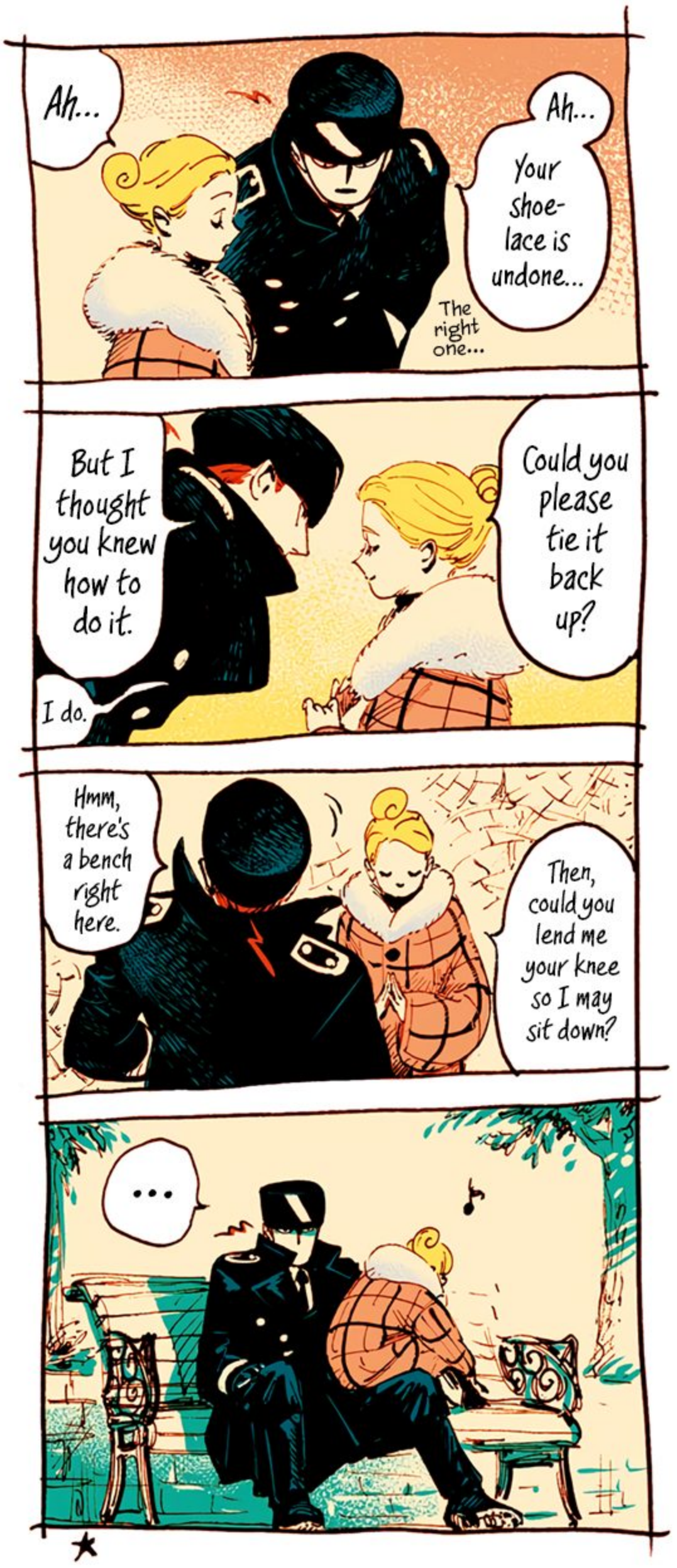
Extra Scene

Peach



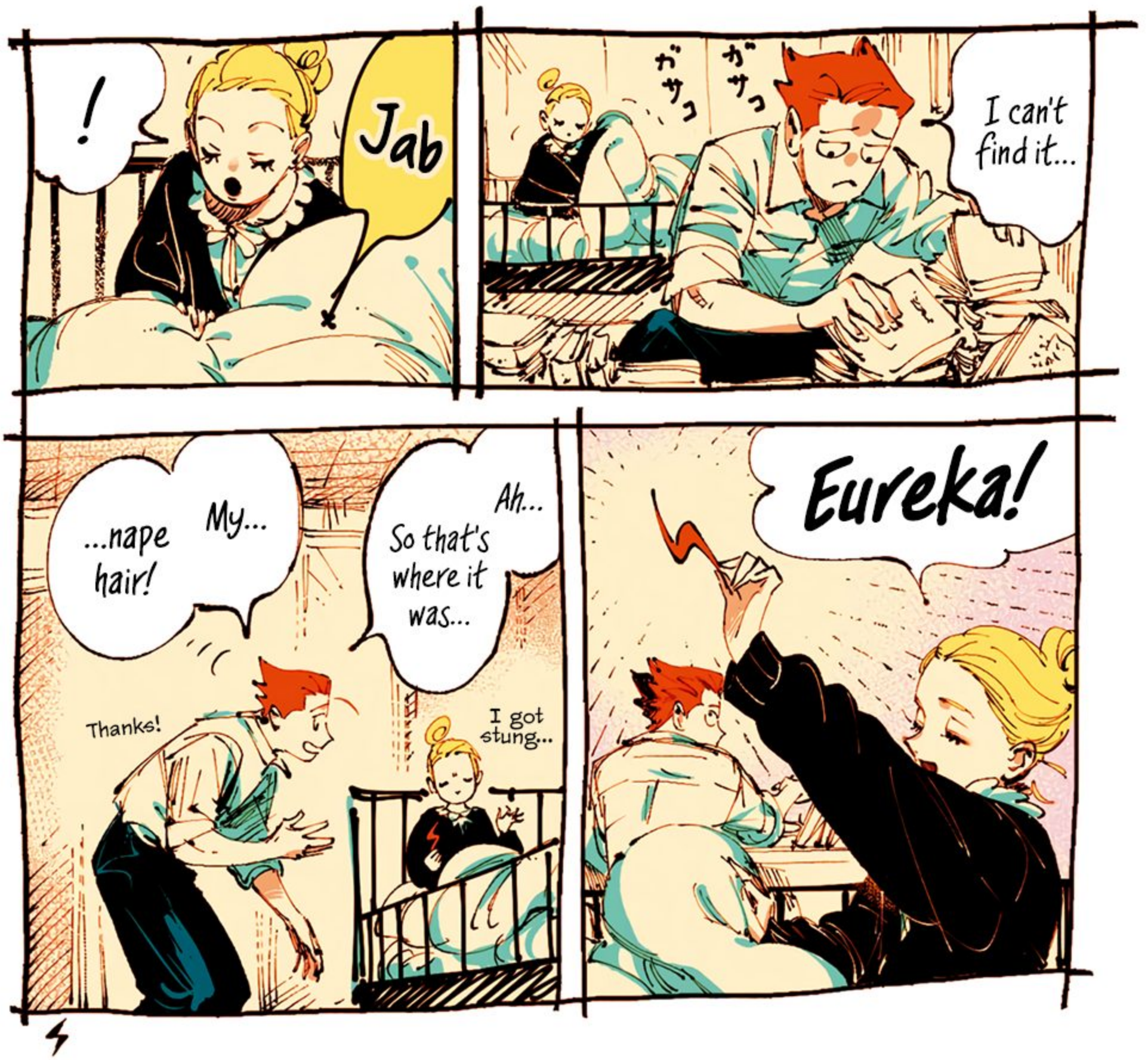
Extra Scene

The shoelace II


Ah...
Ah... Your shoe-lace is undone...
The right one...
But I thought you knew how to do it.
Could you please tie it back up?
I do.
Hmm, there's a bench right here.
Then, could you lend me your knee so I may sit down?
...

Extra Scene

Eureka!



Extra Scene

The shoelace III

Extra Scene

Honesty

Extra Scene

See you every day

That makes me want to swim in it, do you?
...which is named that because it would be a river made out of a goddess' milk.
Uuuh... No thanks, how awful...
Tonight is the only night of the year...
...when Altair and Vega can cross the milky way and meet.
Hmm? Yes.
You would come and meet me every day, right...?
I think only being able to meet once a year is even more awful.

His monologue

Inspection

It comes abruptly, on a whim…
This time, it's my left arm that is captured.
From the fingertips to the wrist,
a detour around the contour of my watch… back and forth over the elbow…
and even into the pit her curiosity delves…
tracing a long raised vein
up the arm, stopping at the shoulder.
Her cupidity will at times take her all the way to my neck.
"It's not like mine at all."
She says, as if it was some kind of discovery, holding my arm in
her silky hands.
Softer than the fluffiest of blankets, I must say.

Meanwhile, what can I do?
Look at her to my heart's content, yes, at least I can do that.
I let my gaze wander…
The perfect curve of her eyelashes, the wings of her nose
flaring at regular intervals, those remarkable things
that are her rosy lips perched on her pale skin.
Her half-opened mouth, the tip of her tongue caught between her teeth,
that's the habit she has when she's touching something with her full attention,
I've only noticed quite recently.

Once she has internalized the shape of my left arm,
with a bit of pressure from her hands and a cheeky "Thank you, sir",
she gives me my arm back, telling me the audience is over.